



THE PRAISES OF LIMERICK.

Farewell sweet lovely fine town,
Where Pennywell road and famed Garryown,
For its now I am going to leave my native home
And rove to a foreign nation;
Farewell to the strand to the mill and the square
To the grand canal and salmon wyre.
Where I oftentimes roved through each shady grove
Enjoying the girl I dearly love in mutual conversation

Farewell to the tap-rooms and bustling noise
To my sweet comrades and the Garryown boys,
For its oftentimes I crowned my joys.
In drinking stout punch and porter,
Where is the musick would so sweetly play,
We never would depart untill we'd see day,
But we roar and rap for more,
And like jovial souls pay off our score,
And drink until we'd get sober,

Farewell to the parade and all therein,
To the nice fair maids and sweet young men
For its oftentimes I have been with them,
And in their lovely habitatione,
For its inside the walls we'd hear the band,
Leading out charmers by the hand,
From thence we'd walk to Thomon gate strand:
To receive sweet recreationf

Farewell to th^e river Shannan clear,
Wherein our boots we oftentimes did steer,
The eiel the trout & salmon all seasons of the year,
Is there to be had in plenty
Where the verdant banls are overspread,
With lillies pink and roses red,
The river Thames exceeds the plains
The river Nile with pride and style,
There are none of these can be compared,
To our lovely habitation;

Farewell to my parents whose heart do grieve,
May the great God guard me in my course,
For if I had a fortune shining purse,
Its then I would seek out my honour,
For its here at home I went remain,
I will steer my cāree to France or Spain,
But until the day I die I ne'er will deny,
That I was rear'd a Garryown boy,
And a reving sporting hero,